

BALLYHOO

JUNE

15 CENTS

1932



"Let's send out for a picture puzzle!"



"I always duck Duckies"

"I can't afford to take chances with my verce. That's why I duck Duckies. In fact, I don't smoke at all, but what the hell, a lady must live!"

Sophie Zilch

"It's Boasted"

Boasting is a secret advertising process which keeps you thinking Ducky Wuckies are the nuts. It's our protection against that harsh irritant, falling sales.

OH, WHAT A PAL WAS SOPHIE!

Ask the 7th Regiment! Have you seen Sophie in her new Minsky burlesque, "Rosie Cheeks from Wheeling?" And not one cent was paid for her statement. That's why she's suing us.

She was Behind the Times!

SHE needed someone to tell her why the boys never took her to dog fights, or roller skating. She needed someone to explain why everybody laughed when she stooped to pick up something. Unfortunately not even a good friend is willing to mention the matter of fannitosis (large beams), the unforgivable social fault, so what can a poor gal do about it?



Before going out again, end fannitosis (large beams)

Science shows that Blisterine Rub is now the swiftest of reducers—it gets right at the seat of your trouble

It is your safest and most delightful aid in overcoming fannitosis (large beams), the unforgivable social fault. Use it morning, noon and night, and between times.

Immediate Effect

Ninety per cent of fannitosis is caused by sitting. Sitting at bridge tables, sitting at luncheons, sitting in speakeasies, sitting in auto-

mobiles, sitting on your husband, on the children, on the servants.

Puts You On Your Toes

Blisterine looks innocent, but when you apply it—oh boy! You won't do much sitting down! In fact, you'll dance upstairs and downstairs, all over the house.

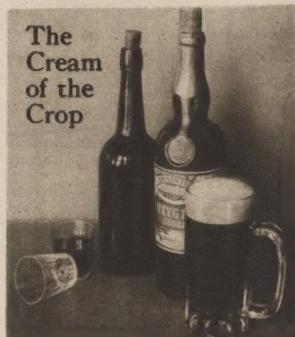
You'll dance to meet your husband when he comes home. You'll dance to the store, to the movies, and you'll stand up at the movies! And in this way, you will get rid of fannitosis.



IS THIS WHAT OUR LIQUOR ADS WILL

Build Sturdy Young Bodies like these!

BURP'S BEER is more than a drink. It contains vitamins I. O. U. and also A. W. O. L. Feed your loved ones Burp's Beer and watch their little bodies fill out and out and out!



MADE IN AMERICA

Burp's Beer is made from the cream of the hop crop. No other beer can equal its fresh fragrant taste, and through our patented burping process, all harsh irritants have been removed. Burp's Beer comes



BURP'S BEER BUILDS BETTER BABIES

wrapped in cellophane, as fresh as it left the brewery. You're full of hops when you drink Burp's Beer.

Tune in Friday on W.J.Z.
and hear the Hoppiness Boys.

*THEY LAUGHED
WHEN I GOT UP
TO SPEAK . . .*

but their laughter turned to astonishment when I held them spellbound with my oratory!



The boys didn't know I had it in me! "How did you ever do it?" they asked. "It was easy," I replied, "I simply clipped the coupon offering a case of Monogram on trial. Then I drank the whiskey, conquered my shyness and—well you heard me!"

What this man did YOU can do! Try a case of Monogram, and if you can't lick your weight in wildcats, we'll refund your money!



CLIP THE COUPON NOW

Monogram Co.,
Rye, New York
Gentlemen:

I am troubled with shyness. Send me your trial case of Scotch. It is understood that if it does not produce results, I may return the empty bottles.

IT'S LIKE WHEN IT PROHIBITION IS REPEALED?

A New Plan
for Control



*Sleep tonight this
new easy way....
without Drugs*

Fall asleep the moment
you hit the floor!

Do you toss about at night? Do you worry about little things, such as the Chinese war, the depression, and your wife running away with the chauffeur?

Don't Do It!

Just before retiring,
take a bottle of Brady's
Brandy and you'll sleep
like a log! Take two
bottles!

Brady's Brandy

"The Brandy That's Candy"



*"It so happens...
I don't drink,*

BUT, I've been asking all my friends what kind of Giggle Water they prefer, and would you believe it, my dear, they are all switching to Burp's Bourbon."

Burp's Bourbon is the mildest money can buy, yet it satisfies —oh boy! Burp's Bourbon is the best because it is ripened in the sunshine and because it has that rich aroma. That is why so many people are switching to . . .

BURP'S BOURBON



IS THIS WHAT OUR LIQUOR ADS WILL BE LIKE?

KEEP KISSABLE with GOLDEN GLOW CHAMPAGNE



YOU, too, may have charming personali-
ty. Simply guzzle Golden Glow several times a day and you will be amazed at the results. You will feel full of vim, vigor and vitality, and you will be surrounded by thirsty admirers all the time.

*the more you drink, the more
fuller you look!"*

"NOT A BURP IN A BAR-LOAD"



"HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE!"

Says Gloria Glutz, now playing in
"UNCLE TOM'S PENTHOUSE"

ROYAL RAZZBERRY SCOTCH is KIND to your LIVER, because it is treated with our exclusive BOASTING PROCESS which removes all harsh irritants.

REACH FOR A ROYAL

Protect your liver against cheap brands of Scotch. A false liver is a great invention, but stick to your own as long as you can.



*Use
the Royal
Road to
Ruin.*

*Not one cent was paid to Miss Glutz for this testimonial. The pay-off was by the Quart.

BE LIKE WHEN PROHIBITION IS REPEALED?

A New Plan . . . for Control of Colds



Here, briefly, is the new Gordongin Plan

1. Before a Cold Starts

Take a good stiff drink.
Well, you can't fly with
one wing. Take another.
Well, just *one* more.

Then another to the bes'
lil wom'n in the wor'.
After this treatment, if
your cold isn't cured, at
least you are!

2. After a Cold Starts

Now, one more. Now,
one on the house. Then
one for dear old Rutgers.

The New Plan

*This man has a ter-
rible cold, but after
trying the Gordon-
gin plan he doesn't
give a damn.*



"I learned from a Jiu-Jitsu expert how to hold my husband —and why so many women fail"



Teari
Hairi

Tokio



"Hang on to your hubby," says Teari Hairi, the celebrated Jiu-Jitser, "and keep soap suds in his eyes so that he can't see to get away."

"I'M convinced we wives grow careless — that our husbands watch our movements much more than we think. I realized it—not a moment too soon—and it was my Jiu-Jitsu expert who warned me: 'Keep your muscles young — that muscular look is what husbands fear.' "

* * * *

Don't neglect your half-Nelsons, toe-holds or rabbit punches. How can you expect to hold your husband if you haven't a firm clutch on him?

Take Jiu-Jitsu lessons NOW and give your hands that firm grip by using Balmolive.



SHORT SHORT VERSE

DEPRESSION

Guys who had shekels
Are now nursing nekels.

NEWS NOTE

Gals who are seraphic
Never get in the Geraphic.

Gals who are nifties
Have apts. in the Fifties.

Gals who wear scanties
Never have to live in shanties.
—Leo Townsend.

RAIN CARGO

Climates sultry
Foster adultery.

OPEN CONFESSION

Nothing's easier
Than verses like theasier

OUT, DAMNED SMUT!

Ballyhoo imitators
Are self eliminators.

DON'T BEND DOWN, SISTERS! LOOK UP!

Did the bears frighten baby?
Did the wolves don Granny's
heliotrope pajamas and gulp down
the legacies and nibble up the codi-
cils?

Did daddy dash home from melon-
cutting headquarters and mutter—
"I'm cleaned—and not with nap-
tha!"?

Did naughty attorneys hemstitch
your penthouse lease and picot your
sables?

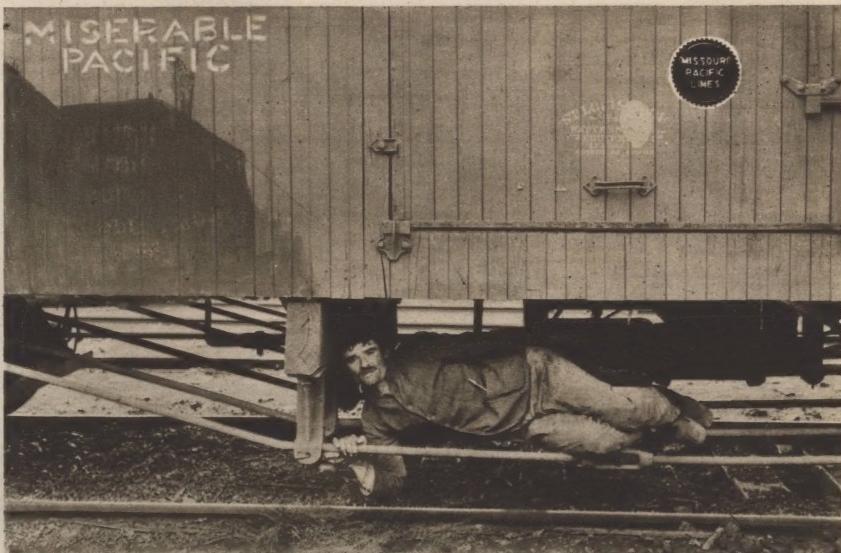
Is your toothbrush moulting?
Don't be depressed.

Arrange a nest of cooked noodles,
oriole fashion, and garnish with drip-
pings from the repaired waffle iron
cord, hanging-moss fashion, and
place in most any tree top.

Look up
Listen to the orioles!
They will be chuckling.
This is a great exercise for the
chin, sisters!

—Marie S. Cullinan.

PROSPERITY BOUND



IF prosperity is just around
the corner, meet it half-
way! Jump on a train . . .
go some place!

Take the "Cynic Limited,"
for example. See all the
pretty billboards from St.
Louis to San Francisco!

See the Horlick cows graz-
ing along the road to Manda-
lay. Get an eye-full on the
Miserable-Pacific, the rocky
road to perdition! Our cin-
ders are the biggest in the
whole United States.

And as for service! The
picture above shows one of
the Miserable-Pacific custom-
ers taking advantage of the
"Open Air" route, so popular
now with Brokers, Bank
Presidents and Judges. "You
can't go wrong on the Mis-
erable-Pacific!"



"A Service Institution"

"I've never had a Ride like this"



says *Killer Zilch*



FAMOUS RACKETEER TELLS STORY OF FAMOUS RIDE

• "I've given thousands of boids de woiks," says James Montgomery (Killer) Zilch. "I've taken 'em for rides in everything from a Rulls Reryce to a tin lizzie, but never have I seen a buggy anything like de De Soso for

giving 'em the business.

"It's as easy to control as a city government, as silent as a district attorney, and as fast as a disappearing Judge.

"It's three machine guns are vibration proof, and it is

furnished throughout with bullet-proof glass.

"Temporary coffins on each side make it nice and roomy.

"Let me take you for a ride some day. You've got a great thrill coming."

The One-Way Car **DE SOSO SIX \$666**

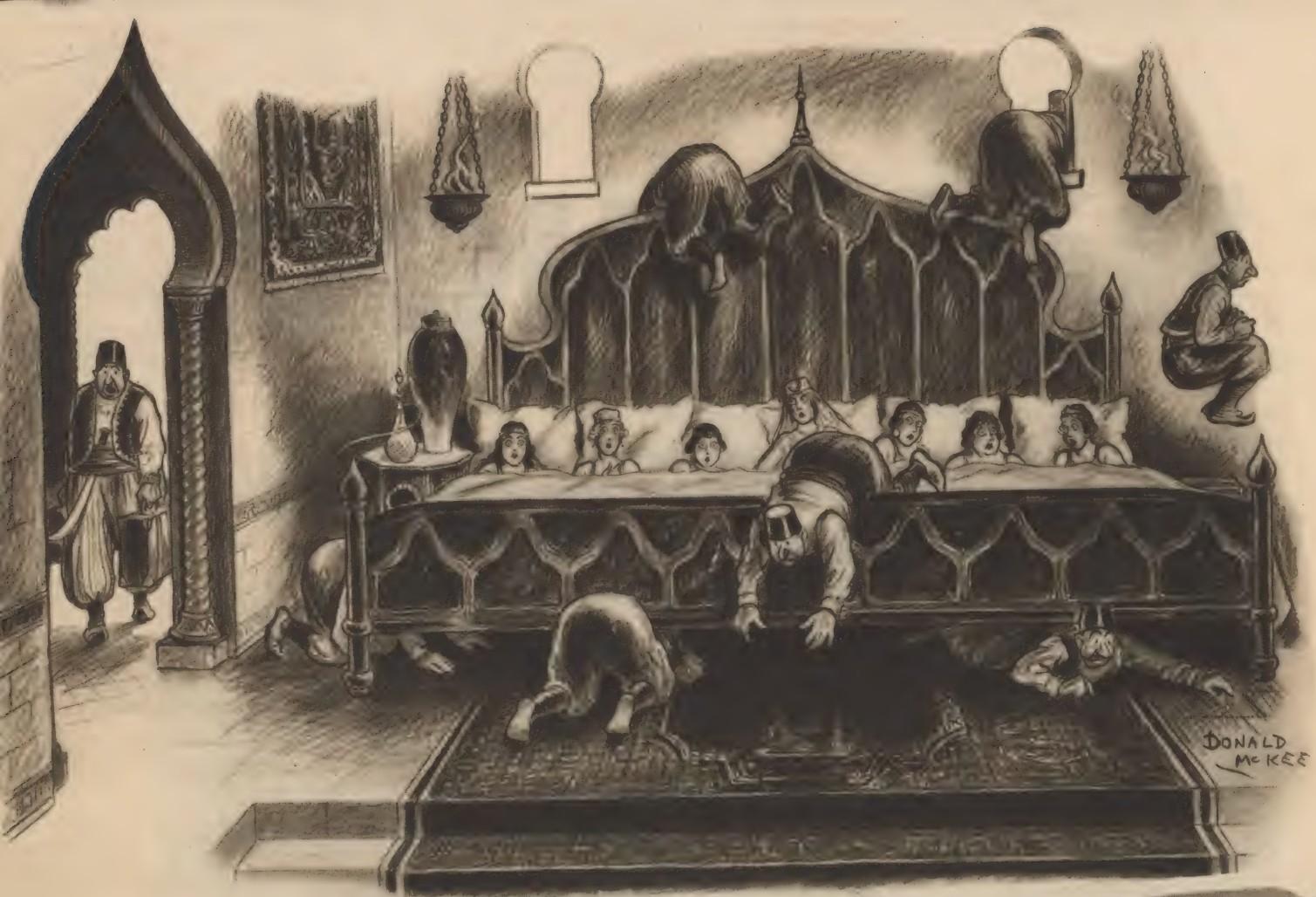
F. O. B.
(Full of Bullets)

BALLYHOO

Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr.

Editor, Norman Anthony





"I missed the Bagdad train, my dears."

"Oh, Mrs. Munglethorpe, if I only had your chest!"



"Slimness is all right, but personally, I prefer a curve here and there."

THE GREAT MATCH CONTEST!

10,000 (COUNT 'EM) PRIZES!



MATCH YOUR FAVORITE RADIO STAR!

The object of this colossal contest is to pick a suitable adjective in the right hand column below and match it with the name of a radio star in the left hand column.

Remember, the correct adjectives are *not*

opposite the correct names *NOW*. They must be switched around to fit. Then after you have switched the names around, write a 10,000 word essay on "What I Like About the Radio."

RUDY VALLEE	PUNK
BING CROSBY	LOUSY
RUSS COLUMBO	PUNK
KATE SMITH	MARVELOUS
TONY WONS	LOUSY
MORTON DOWNEY	PUNK
AMOS 'N' ANDY	LOUSY

To the bright little readers who match the most names and adjectives correctly, and write the best 10,000 word essays on "What I Like About the Radio," Ballyhoo will give 10,000 prizes! We haven't decided yet what the prizes shall be. Editor Zilch is for yachts whereas Ass. Editor Burp is holding out for Rolls Royces. However you can trust Ballyhoo to crash through with something colossal like toothpicks, or maybe sticks of gum.



"Tch, tchl! What a way to run a railroad!"

RALPH
FULLER
+ W.F.



"Hurray, my blurb won the Balm
Olive Shaving Soap Contest!"



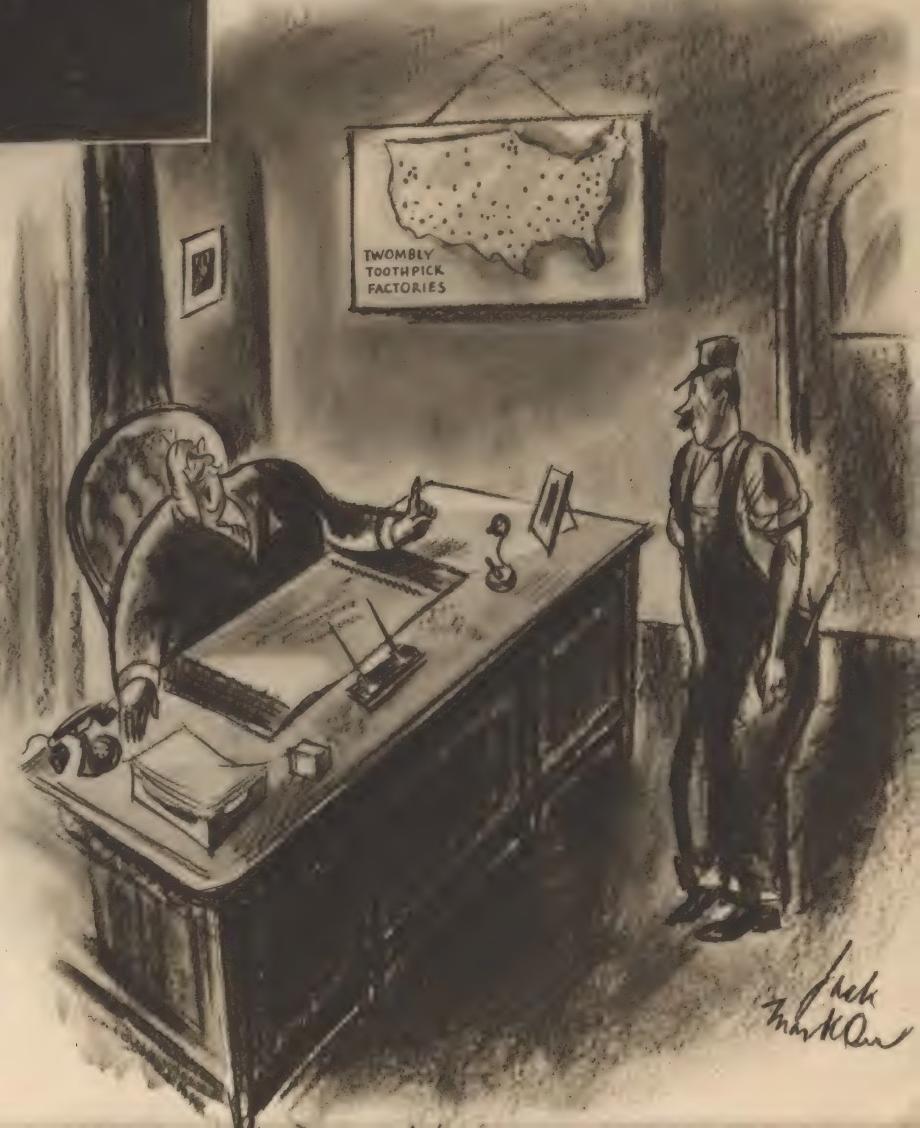
"Get hot!"



"Every article must be inspected
before it leaves the factory!
Never let it be said that a Twom-
bly Toothpick was ever ignored!"



"Hey, Pop, where do babies come from?"



AGAIN BALLYHOO FREE LESSONS



Just when and where to leave calling cards is a vexing question. Some believe in slipping it down the front of the hostess' dress, while others prefer to secrete it in the butler's pants. Our advice is not to have any.

P.S.—We don't mean pants.



Here, we have the escort in a tough spot.



Note the graceful positions of this Park Avenue group. The toothpick should be held in the right hand with the little finger extended coyly. When eating fruit never bite off more than half the apple at once, as this causes that social faux pas known as burping.



POURING TEA
AT FIVE O'CLOCK

CRASHES THROUGH! IN ETIQUETTE!

this deplorable state of affairs, and feeling that there should be a renaissance of culture and manners, Ballyhoo herewith presents to its readers a series of Etiquette lessons by the famous Etiquettarian Milly Hitching Post.



Stay on the outside so you can duck.



Many girls wonder if it is proper to take an escort's arm. Sure, girls, take an arrin, a leg, a bankroll—anything you can lay your mits on. Take him by the neck if necessary, and hang on.



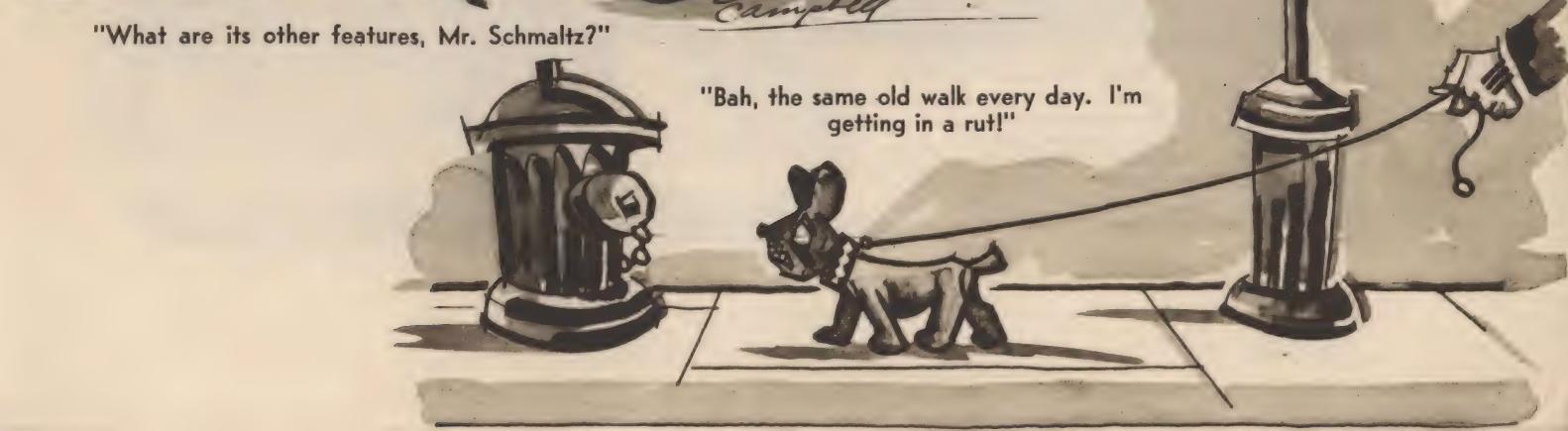
If your hostess should serve real tea, do not embarrass her by saying "Migawd — no gin?"



Leaving the spoon in the cup is exceedingly dangerous as one is apt to lose an eye, and one should take great care not to overload one's fork as this, bends the prongs out of shape. Note that the gentlemen have their napkins tucked in their collars and not in their vests.



"Boo hoo! I want my mammal!"



SPORTS CROWNS MENACED IN 1932 OLYMPICS

Local and Foreign Threats Perfect Attacks for Pan-Greaseball Struggle

By Grantland Zilch-Hanemann

Confidential information from Worcestershire sources together with these conclusive-exclusive action pictures prompts us to predict that world's records in the 1932 Olympics will reach a new low. Though still early in the season for good, edible golden bantam, there is little doubt over Skvip Haagequivist's, Federated Malay States calabash fancy carving champion, retaining Samuel Untermeyer (I. A. A. C.)—ah, nuts!



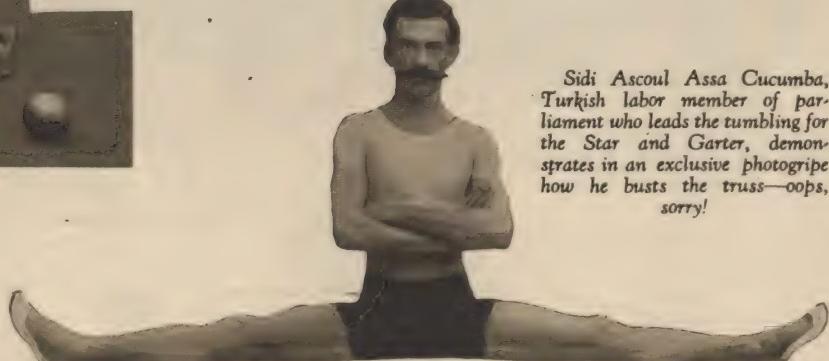
M. Jain Dargaineratz and M. Etchemond Esku-alverray set their routine in the ancient Basque pastime of Bourrouskougaraya. Bourrouskougaraya is similar to the Scotch game of curling except that it is played upon a lawn sprinkled with broken glass and you use your partner as a broom.



A novelty this year will be presented in the grapefruit-testing contest between the Polish Corridor, Siam, the non-singing Don Cossacks and a bunch of the boys from Eaves Costume Co. Picture shows Riali-Poili-Gioli (I. A. A. C.) as Langhorne Zilch or the Black Prince, practicing with his own set of domestic Edam cheeses.



Arriving just too late to be in time for the winter Olympics, the Italian Somaliland bob-sled outfit wasn't the least bit put out as it never snows where they come from, anyway. Unless deported, they will enter the same team in barnyard imitations and throwing the provolone.



Sidi Ascoul Assa Cucumba, Turkish labor member of parliament who leads the tumbling for the Star and Garter, demonstrates in an exclusive photogripe how he busts the truss—oops, sorry!



Eulalia Frostbite (McCready College of Chiropractic) receiving the congratulations from the dean of women for throwing her chest 141 feet, 9 inches. A good heave, but she'll have to do better than that if she expects to bust out ahead of those big Czechoslovakian mammas.



Puss Golombo and "Juicy" Crawford, America's marathon crooning duo who expect to keep their world's title (and they can have it) by singing "Was That The Human THING To Do?" 8,954,323 consecutive times. The crooning stand on rollers is their own invention.



Gertrude, Eleanor, Agnes and Eleanor Rollmops, Kraut relay mermaids limer up recalcitrant bunions on the deck of the sister ship S. S. Cathartic while a crowd of admiring stokers make suggestive remarks. If she trips on that rope, each of these hotsies is good for a busted record.



Captain Zilchnikoff (U. S. S. R.) noses out a team mate in a fast round of still-pond-no-more-moving. Russia has entered the only still pond team competing in the Olympics in the mother tongue. To the left is the captain's spare beard which follows him everywhere.



Training exclusively upon natural gas makes the crack harriers of the Florence Crittenden Local No. 12 correspondingly light on their feet. Though unquestionably Olympic material, they refuse to wear shoes and it's a tough job getting this fast, tricky aggregation down to brass tacks.



Digging one dozen cherrystone clams on the half shell with lemon and horseradish in the almost unbelievable time of fourteen seconds flat in 1928, Digger Clammy Digges, representing England from far-off New Zealand, demonstrates the approach-forcing system he will use against his closest rival, the full-blooded Shinnecock Indian, Little Neck.



As they bring in their evening repast of planked Pup-E-Ration, the Estonian Unmarried Mothers Roller Skating and Epee Team sing "Epee Days Are Here Again." Always kidding, they never get a hell of a lot of work done, but then, as the old adage says, "foils will be foils."



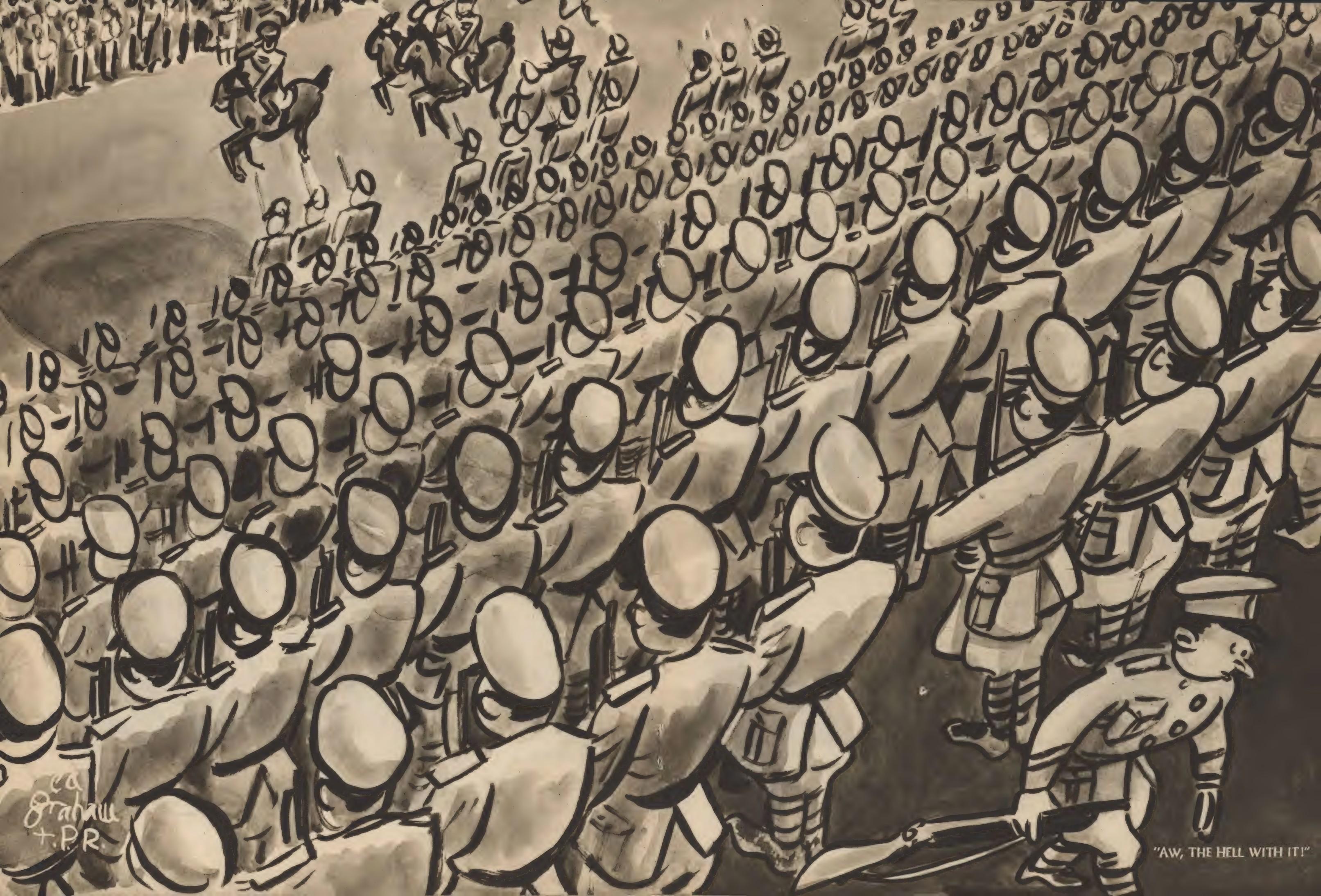
"What—no Mickey Mouse!"



"Have you any beer
on draught?"



"Heavens, Davenport, you forgot to take
off your glasses!"





Paul Revere's Glide

By John Hume

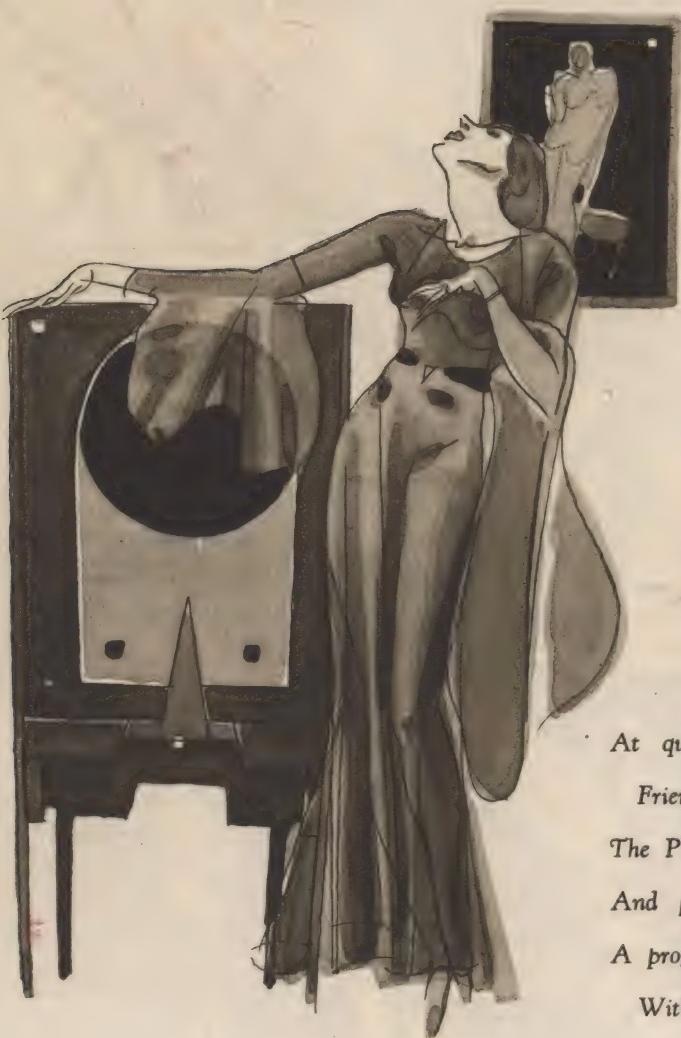
Stick with the party and you shall hear
Of the vanderbiltarno of Paul Revere—
How Paul, inspired by a forty-five
And a prime fixation to stay alive
Made a terrible bum of the Stratosphere.

He said to a gal, "Since we never know
Who's winchelling-in on the phone at night,
I've thought of a way for your radio
To tell if the set-up is wrong or right—
Just tune in a woman to mean 'All clear'
And a man to signal, 'No dice—he's here!'
And I on the opposite side will wait,
Smoking M'NURADS in my PTUICK EIGHT (Adv.)
'Till I get the dope on your jealous mate."



But the jealous mate said, "I'm aware
That the modern slogan is 'I WILL SHARE' (Donated)
But I draw the line at philanthropy
Developing into geometry.

Domestic circles have always been
Triangulated by gigs and gin,
And to square the matter I gravely fear
I must cancel x!" Meaning Paul Revere.



At quarter of eight by the
HELOVA clock (Adv.)
Friend Husband had loaded
himself and gun;
The PTUICK came clattering
down the block (No Adv.)
And promptly the better-half
tried to get
A program in on the FAGA
set (Adv.)
With a masculine voice that
would signal "Run!"





And now from out of a pregnant pause
A Voice is born; it begins to croon
In a high soprano—like Jackie Law's—
That beautiful theme-song "FLATBUSH MOON" (Adv.)
And Paul, on hearing the warbled tune,
Forsakes his PTUICK and makes his way (Adv. again)
To the elevator without delay.
A slap to feel if the hip-flask leaks—
A compact gleams in the lift's dim light—
A touch of rouge to the powdered cheeks—
The tide of temptation is rising tonight!

A lip-stick handled with expert care—
A gentle pinch to the pink-lobed
ears—
A final slick to the DUCO-ed
hair— (Adv.)
Some practice mugging of tender
leers—
A quick rehearsal of torrid vows
To melt the heart of the coldest
broad—
A damped finger on pencilled
brows—
And here's her apartment, and
now—Migawd!



So she dialled the SCRAM-EL
QUARTER HOUR (Joke)
As someone concluded his blah-
blah-blah
With a syrupy, "Are yuh lis-
tenin'? Hah-h-h?" (No joke)
And set the volume to loudest
power—
Then ran to the window and
flung it wide
So the row would carry to Paul
outside.

His hair broke training and raised
his hat
At the Hudson Tube of the hus-
band's gat—
The gent behind it personified
Both FINKELSTEIN'S MONSTER
and MR. SNYDE! (Two Adv.)
The end had come—
He was 'on the spot'!
His brain was numb—
But his dogs were not
And, seeing the window open wide,
He took the air in a single stride!

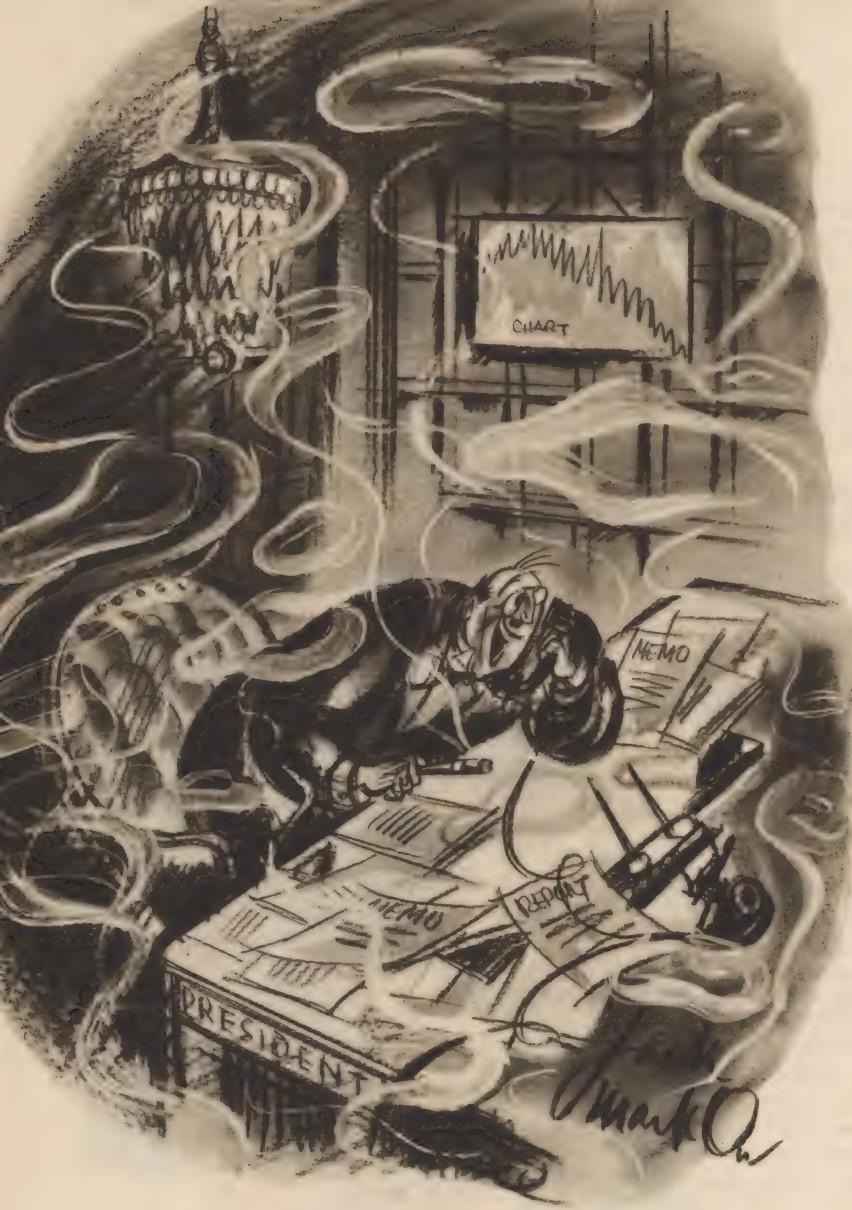


The husband snickered, "That ten-floor drop
"To a sidewalk hard as a landlord's heart
"Will call for a scraper—perhaps a mop!"
But hark! The roar of the PTUICK'S
start!

They sprang to the window and saw below
The last of Paul and his libido
In the fading red of his tail-light's glow.

The man dumbfoundedly murmured, "The
(biological simile)!
I always thought it was just a kid
When Grimm and Andersen said they
did—
But now, by Golly, I hope to die
If I honestly haven't seen one fly!"
"So what?" said his frau. "So I feel,
my dear,
"I should have used FLIT on Paul
Revere." (Adv.)





"Say, Thorndyke, guess what! I just blew one smoke ring inside another!"





"Madame, your worst fault is that you have absolutely no seat."

"Mr. and Mrs. Penthouse
Jones!"



"Oh, Mr.
Zilch!"



"My dear Mrs. Burst,
we're just made for each
other!"



"See what the boys in
the back room will
have."



"Let's sit out
this dance."

"Gee, this party is
dead!"



"How do you feel
about the five year
plan, Duke?"

"Fear not, fair lady!"



"Just to settle a bet, mam—are
you wearing a bustle?"

"My dear Mr. Twitchbutts, you
have quite swept me off my feet!"

RALPH
FULLER

"Oh, why did I say I was Mark
Anthony!"

As much as we regret it, we simply cannot publish all the deucedly clever drawings submitted to Ballyhoo, so we dedicate this page to those whose work we have rejected. Paste your work of art on this page, and then you can amaze your friends by saying "Here's a little thing I had in Ballyhoo this month."



"Any distinguishing marks, lady?"

THE INSIDE DOPE!

WHY SMITH AND ROOSEVELT PFFT! As Told to Ben DeCasseres by Chambermaids and Butlers Whose Lowdown is Above Suspicion



HEAR THE TIGER ROAR

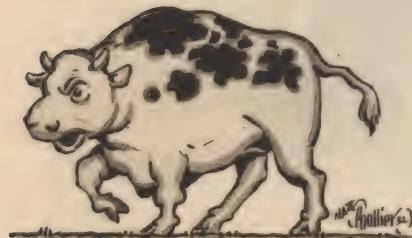
THE AL-FRANK BREAK

THE absolute truth of what caused the break between Al Smith and Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt is here revealed for the first time!

It was the evening before St. Swithin's Day. The place was the library of Governor Roosevelt's home at Hyde Park, in Dutchess County. Al and Frank had settled back for a real old friendly chinfest. Cigar and trimmings had gone around and all was cheery.

The two old cronies were so thoroughly in accord on everything that conversation began to wilt. The Governor got up and turned on the

Ballyhoo's Who



ADOLP'S OCHS

radio. A turp of the Knob of Destiny! That movement of the Governor's may cost him the Presidential nomination and election. For it was Morton Downey who came crooning over the air—Morton Downey in the presence of Al Smith, who, as all friends know, is a high-powered booster for Rudy Vallee.

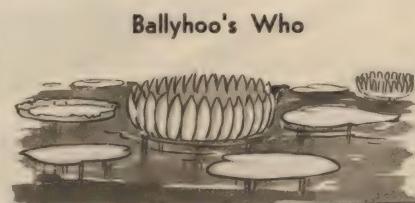
"Turn that off, Frank. I can't stomach Downey. Rudy Vallee's the only crooner I can stand—the only one worth listening to. Downey makes me sick. That isn't crooning—it's wheezing."

"Why, Al, Downey is far superior to Vallee! There's neither song nor croon in Vallee; he's just a kind of whimper to me."

"Frank, how can a man of your intelligence prefer a real singer like Vallee to a piece of boloney like that fellow! He's a disgrace to the raddio!"

"Raydeo, Al. I've asked you often to get your pronunciation of that word right. It reflects on—it comes back to me—me."

"I've got it from the best college



PON'S LILY

sharp that raddio ain't wrong. And you are not so hot yourself. You spoke of a Welsh rabbit over the raddio last week. Don't you know it's rarebit?"

Here Al turned off Downey.

Governor Roosevelt turned the machine on again as he said:

"It's rabbit. You're the Happy Warrior all right, but your knowledge of words is almost as poor as your knowledge of singing. And don't monkey with that radio!"

Smith was now furious. So was the Governor.



"EAST SIDE, WETS SIDE"

"Al, if you can't listen to Downey and insist that Vallee is superior to him I wish you'd clear out."

"You'll regret this, Frank. My hat goes into the ring—you get that?"

"Here's your hat—and get out! Vallee and rarebit!"

Infuriated beyond words, Al Smith here lost control of himself, something that has never happened since he left Oliver Street. He picked up a glass of—ginger ale—and threw it at our Governor. Happily, Mr. Roosevelt dodged. The glass hit a picture of the Happy Warrior, in brown derby, with a long cigar in his mouth. The picture crashed to the floor.

The split was wide-open and past mending.

Ballyhoo's Who



KENESAW LANDIS' MOUNTAIN

THE INSIDE DOPE!

WHY MR. MELLON WENT TO LONDON! The Inside Story of Why the Treasury Lost a Perfectly Good Secretary



MELON-CHOLIA!

ANOTHER MELON CUT

THOSE who live or who have stopped in the Hotel Washington, directly opposite the United States Treasury, in Washington, will recall the mysterious piccolo that kept them awake at nights. Not only were continuous complaints registered at the desk of the hotel about this sleep-destroying nuisance but many other complaints were made to the police from those who lived in the neighborhood.

There was no doubt that the piccolo was being played in the Treasury Building, but all effort to locate the room from which it came were futile. Every nook and corner of the huge building was searched for a piccolo, but nothing was ever found. What made matters worse was that the mysterious player played only one air, night after night, the sweet and sentimental "The Last Rose of Summer."

Ballyhoo's Who



H. KAHN'S OTTO

But the Secret Service, which had taken the matter up after the police had found the search hopeless, solved the matter. The solution was so absurd, so publicity-provocative, that it could only be revealed personally to President Hoover by the head of the Secret Service Department himself.

The day after the report of the head of the Secret Service Department to the President, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, got an invitation from Mr. Hoover to dine with him the following evening.

Over the coffee and cigars, after Mrs. Hoover had left the table to the two great men, the President said, suddenly turning point-blank on Mr. Mellon:

"Andy, how would you like to take your piccolo to the Court of St. James?"

"Mr. President!" exclaimed the Secretary of the Treasury. His face,



"Who called that piccolo player—"

Ballyhoo's Who



LADY DRUMMOND'S HAY

always extremely pale, had blanched to a fine lobster-cardinal. "Have you been—spying on me?"

"Complaint from the neighborhood, Andy. Why do you go into your office late at night and play 'The Last Rose of Summer' on a piccolo? Aren't we ridiculous enough in the eyes of the nation as it is?"

"Mr. President" (and now the Secretary of the Treasury had resumed his normally cold and decisive tone and demeanor), "I stand on my rights. I can do anything I want in my office building. It is a whim—I have an urge to play my piccolo there every night, and—"

"Your office building, Andy!" exclaimed Mr. Hoover, waxing sarcastic for the first time in a long international career. "Well, I won't discuss that with you. You either quit immediately playing the piccolo at night in

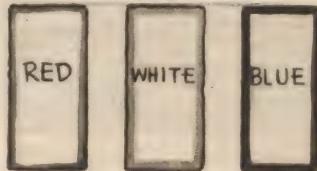
the Treasury Building or I'll have to ask for your resignation—which means the Court of St. James. The party can't afford to have you unattached during your lifetime. You might begin to recollect things for Winchell, *Liberty* or *Collier's*. Which is it? Do you want to keep your Treasury job or take the piccolo and 'The Last Rose of Summer' to London?"

"Mr. President, if you lay around the Treasury Building at one o'clock to-morrow morning—you'll hear my piccolo—my solace and my pride."

Mr. Hoover touched a button. A secretary appeared. The President dictated to the latter a letter of resignation, which Mr. Mellon signed, and then a letter appointing Mr. Mellon Ambassador to Great Britain.

After which Mr. Mellon pulled his piccolo out of his pocket and serenaded the President with "The Last Rose of Summer."

Ballyhoo's Who



CHARLES EVANS HUGHES



The Ventriloquist visits a Broadcast-
ing studio.

RALPH
FULLER

THE PRIZE WINNERS!

In Ballyhoo's \$50,000 Camera Contest!

OVER 350,000 photographs were submitted in Ballyhoo's famous Camera Contest, and it took the Judges working day and night at Frank and Jack's speakeasy over two weeks to decide the winners.

The whole thing finally ended in a tie, so an overtime period was played and the Rangers won 3-2, with Pipgrass up and the bases full.

Ballyhoo wishes to congratulate the winners and also wishes to thank the 350,000 contestants for their enthusiastic response.



FIRST PRIZE—\$25,000.00
"Snow Storm," by Eugene Hutchinson Burp



SECOND PRIZE—\$10,000.49
"Summer Idyl," by Cheney Alfred Jonson



THIRD PRIZE—\$39,465.31
"Seascape," by LeJaren Hiller Zilch



FOURTH PRIZE—\$1.80
"Coyness," by J. Hare Knowles



FIFTH PRIZE—\$18,680.00
"Night Over Taos," by Oswald Twitch



SIXTH PRIZE—\$785,689.59
"Men About Town," by Paul Reilly



"In the heat of the Presidential Campaign the chances are the public wouldn't notice if we put up the price of our Goodie-Goodie bar half a cent."



"Do you—er—mind if I use my car?"



Graham



"Here, keep him for a month, he swallowed the rent!"



Jimmie: "New York's a great place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live here!"



"No, it won't do! It's gotta make me hungry!"



"You'll have to make it snappy, Madam, we're going to shut off the water!"



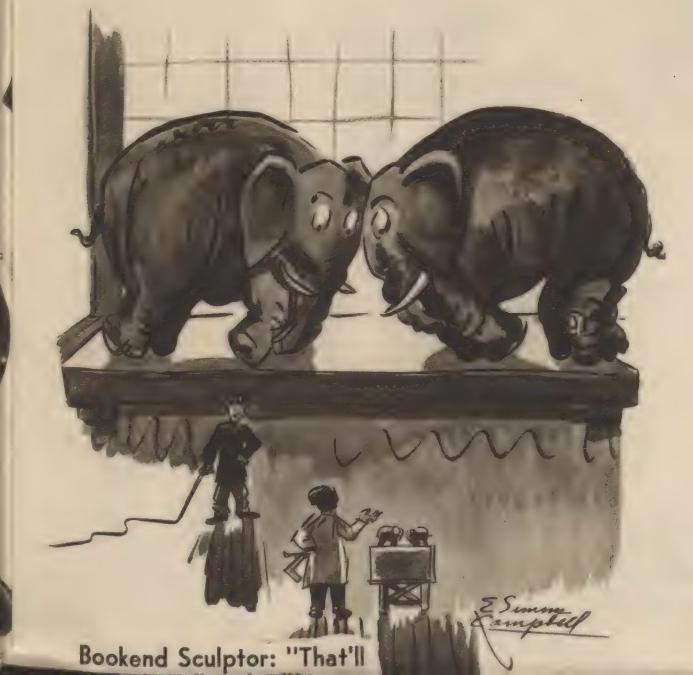
"Oh I don't mind being insulted if it's in a nice, gentlemanly way."



"See that pin-head, Miss Birch? That's me!"



"Why don't you get adjustables?"



"Not here, Jenkyn—go back to the servants' quarters!"



Ralph Ketcham

Bookend Sculptor: "That'll



"Sorry, Mr. Burp isn't with us any more."



"I don't know who you are, young man, but you can't hold hands with ME!"

"Oh, Major! You don't *really* think the drawing room more dangerous than the battlefield."





REVIEWING THE ADS

**"I HOPE THE
MAN I MARRY
SMOKES
A PIPE"**



Bless your little heart! We hope so too!



Two Royal Princesses of Greece

"Ponds keeps one's skin lovely"
SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA

"I always use Ponds"
SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH

We'll bet a couple of bankrupt countries that Lizzie borrows Marina's cold cream!

If it does not hurt your fingernails
it certainly will not scratch
your Bathtub

At last we've found out what the younger generation talks about!

Well, you can't tell about gin these days!

THE ADS



"I'd love to go, but nobody wants me ---I'm just too fat"

Listen, lady. Just go the way you are and we'll guarantee you'll be the life of the party!

CAN YOUR SKIN STAND THE
Girls-Eye View?



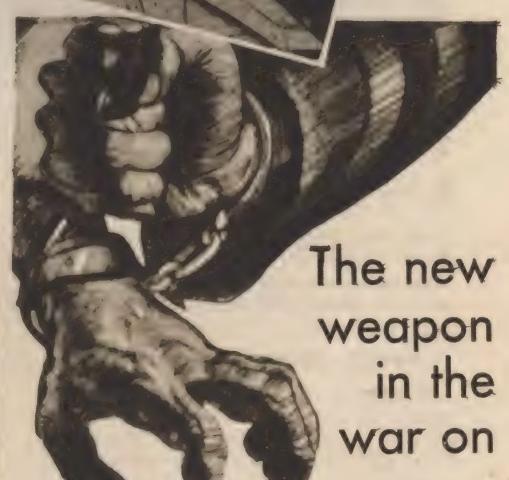
How in the world can anyone be as happy as this at breakfast time!

Well, we'd say it all depends on who the girl is.



fussy about a Shirt . . .

While he's about it, he might be a little fussier about his hats.



The new weapon in the war on
CRIME!



Police turn to
RADIO TELEPHONE
for help . . .

Migawd, they've even got the poor policemen phoning for help.

COOL SHAVES

for more than
1,000,000 Fans



THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

LATHER UP! In the final standings of the Chin-Bush League, Ingram's leads its rivals by a cool, cool shave. No nicks, no burns, no terrors! For the Ingram battery sets down your whiskers in 1-2-3 order and never, never spikes your face! It's

cool! Cool!! COOL !!!

The famous blue jar and the blue and white tube contain the same cooling shaving cream. Hundreds of thousands hail the jar as the most economical package ever made. Just as many more think the tube is more convenient.

Deliberately we made Ingram's the coolest shaving cream that ever caressed the chin of man! Every jar—every tube—contains three special ingredients that tone your face while you're shaving! That's the secret of Ingram's great

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES
OR JARS!

success! It does the work of a shaving cream, a tonic, and a lotion all in one!

No scrapes, no smarts, no cuts—when Ingram's is the basis of your lather!

Go straight to your druggist and ask for the tube or demand the jar—whichever you prefer. That's the quickest way to get acquainted with Ingram's.

Or, if you'd like to, try it at our expense. We'll be delighted to send you a sample and give you your first ten Ingram shaves FREE! We know you'll want more. Clip the coupon!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. X-62,
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Become A Crooner!

Vallee did it!
Crosby did it!
Columbo did it!

Why Not You?



*The
Little
Croono*

WHEN inserted in the mouth, the little CROONO changes the ordinary singing voice into a beautiful croon. No matter how base your voice, it comes out in a soft moo.

Amaze your friends with the little CROONO. Be the life of every party. Earn big money, just like Rudy Vallee, crooning over the radio!



Horace J. Twitchbottom of Flathead, Montana, who became a sensational success overnight with the Croono.

Here Is What People Say About the Little CROONO

"Since using the Little Croono, my wife has left me."
—Otto Burp, Pansy, Ohio

"I made \$50 in less than a week with the Little Croono.
Everybody paid me to stop singing."
—Hi Tonsils, Detroit, Mich.

"My father-in-law swallowed one of your Little Croonos.
Now he croons two ways."
—Louis Whiffle, Astoria, L. I.

Croono Manufacturing Co.
DETROIT, MICH.

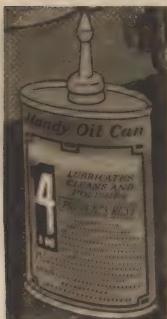
*Owned and operated by the Croon
Prince of Sweden*

IN THE PINK OF CONDITION!



THE ERLY BOIDS GET THE WOIMS!

These five stenographic beauties keep fit by erling their typewriters with 4-IN-ONE ERL. 4-IN-ONE ERL protects all their working parts from rust and tarnish.



FREE—Send for our free booklet "Oils Well" which gives 7,286 new uses for 4-IN-ONE ERL.

If you want a smooth running office, hand out the oil freely. We make a special oil, made from bananas, for this purpose. It is especially good for pouring on troubled water: and also acts as a protection against promotors, stock salesmen, insurance agents, poor relations, visiting friends, etc.

KEEP A CAN AT HOME

Tune in on the 4-IN-ONE ERL program, and hear Rusty Columbo sing "Why Not Take Oil of Me?"

4-IN-ONE ERL

GOOD TO DRINK . . . NICE ON STRAWBERRIES . . . REMOVES FRECKLES . . . ERLS

"YOUR ANNOUNCER—"
(As far as I'm concerned)

James Ollendorf

Ollie undertakes to speak
Every tongue from French to Greek,
Faking with the sound effects
All the tougher dialects—
Linguists class his proud phonetics
With the better-class emetics.

Frank Trite

When an effort must be made
To attract the carriage trade,
Sponsors hasten to enlist
Frank, the Genteel Verbalist—
who, however, can't avoid a
Pitfall such as *cherce* or *moidah*.

Con Fusing

Con has reached that proud estate
Where one Christian-names the
Great.

And is likely to employ
Words like *herd* and *hoi polloi*—
Socialists have often planned a
Less effective propaganda.

John R. Godd

With an ego overblown.
At a by-line of his own,
John purverys his toiletries
using **must** instead of **please**—
In reaction to his hauteur
Many use **three** parts of wateur.

Nobodies

Those whose quiet tones express
Unobtrusive friendliness
And who say their little say
In an unaffected way,
Never seem to reach the bracket
With the Big Shots in the racket.
(Rhyme by permission of several
copyright owners.)

—John Hume.



BECOME A TOUCHER UPPER!



MAKE THIS 10-SECOND TEST

SEE the pretty lady above!
Can you spoil her features in 10 seconds?

If you can put a mustache, or a beard on her, you have natural talent and are qualified to enter our Home Training Course.

If you long to mess up advertisements: if your heart cries out to paint pipes in

the mouths of beautiful ladies, try this 10-second test NOW!

Our graduates make their marks all over the world! Good Toucher Uppers are always in demand. They don't make any money, but they have a hell of a lot of fun!

Send in your 10-second sketch, and we'll tell you you have great talent.

TWITCH TOUCHER UPPER SCHOOL

Markham



Missouri

There's more Chicle in it *that's what makes it better*

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA

CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM



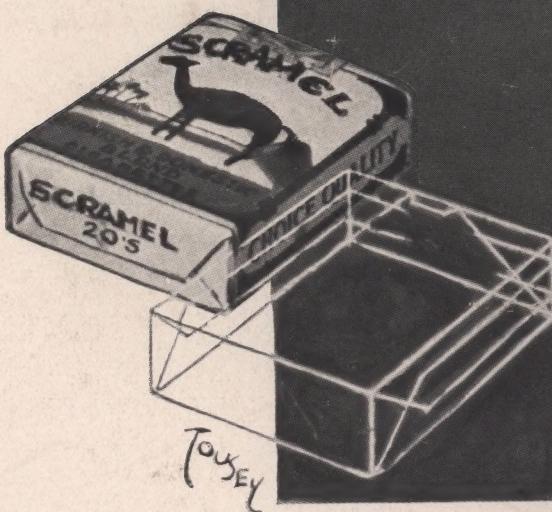
There's more Chuckle in it *that's what makes it better*

It's the chuckle that makes the big difference in chewing gums. Beech-Nerts contains more chuckle than any other gum—anything for a laugh!

You can't chew Beech-Nerts without—giggling your head off. In this way you grow fat and happy, develop a charming personality and a handsome Jaw.

Beech-Nerts Gum





Smoke a
FRESH
cigarette

"You like 'em FRESH?
So do I, Dearie!"

● "Are youse listenin'? Would you like to talk like Tony Wons or Morton Downey? Then smoke Scramels! And by the way, don't remove the cellophane wrapper from the Scramel package. Buy a cigar instead. All is well."

You don't have to tell a woman the benefits of fresh guys. At least they keep you on your toes

and awake! It's the same way with Scramels. They're so fresh they're insulting.

SCRAMELS

